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Glorious Mother

Compilation of

Samuel Francis Woolard

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Woolard

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THE GOLDSMITH-WOOLARD PUBLISHING CO.
WICHITA, KANSAS, U. S. A.

TO

My Mother

AND THE

Mother of My Children

EACH of us have now, or hold in loving remembrance, a glorious Mother. In our early youth Mother was all in all, but is it not a fact that as we grow older we become forgetful of her goodness and less thoughtful of the happiness we should be giving her in return for her tender devotion? This should not be a duty service, but one of purest love, and no matter how earnest are our efforts, we cannot repay her the joy and pleasure she gave us during our childhood days. Someone has forcefully said, "I would desire for a friend, the son who had never resisted the tears of his Mother." 'Tis only such sons that get the full sweetness out of life. Permanent success and happiness do not come as a reward of ingratitude, disrespect and lack of affection for Mother. The reverse has been, is now, and always will be true. The same old-fashioned, sweet Mother love must ever be the foundation for permanent, ideal home life. Without it the structure will fall and can never again be replaced.

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD.

MADONNAS

MADONNAS hallow every home;
O'er every roof where babies are
Shines high and pure a guiding star;
And mother hearts do always hear
Divinest music ringing clear,
And peace and love, good will on earth,
Are born with every baby's birth."

From Songs of Motherhood
of Elizabeth Johnson Huckel.

MOTHER AND BABE

I. The Mother—

GOD thought to give the sweetest thing
In His almighty power
To earth; and deeply pondering
What it should be,—one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart
Out-weighing every other,
He moved the gates of Heaven apart
And gave to earth—a mother!

G. Newell Lovejoy.

II. Since Baby Came—

Since baby came,
The birds all sing a brighter, merrier lay;
The weary darksome shades have fled away;
And night has blossomed into perfect day,
Since baby came.

III. Sometime—

Last night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby.
Then bending down I kissed your brow,
For oh! I love you so.
You are too young to know it now,
But SOMETIME you shall know.

Eugene Field.

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

THE little woman, to her I bow
And doff my hat as I pass her by;
I reverence the furrows that mark her brow
And the sparkling love light in her eye.
The little woman who stays at home
And makes no bid for the world's applause;
Who never sighs for a chance to roam,
But toils all day in a grander cause.

The little woman, who seems so weak,
Yet bears her burdens day by day;
And no one has ever heard her speak
In a bitter or loud complaining way.
She sings a snatch of a merry song,
As she toils in her home from morn to night.
Her work is hard and the hours are long
But the little woman's heart is light.

A slave to love is that woman small,
And her burdens heavier yearly grow,
But somehow she seems to bear them all
As the deep'ning lines in her white cheeks show.
Her children all have a mother's care,
Her home the touch of a good wife knows;
No burden's too heavy for her to bear,
But, patiently doing her best, she goes.

The little woman, may God be kind
To her wherever she dwells to-day;
The little woman who seems to find
Her joy in toiling along life's way.
May God bring peace to her work-worn breast
And joy to her mother-heart at last;
May love be hers when it's time to rest
And the roughest part of the road is passed.

The little woman—how oft it seems
God chooses her for the mother's part,
And many a grown-up sits and dreams
To-day of her with an aching heart.
For he knows well how she toiled for him
And he sees it now that it is too late;
And often his eyes with tears grow dim
For the little woman whose strength was great.

EDGAR A. GUEST, In The Detroit Free Press

MOTHERHOOD

THE night throbs on, but let me pray, dear Lord!
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth.
To Thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,
Back to my arm beside me, where he lay—
So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that Thou hadst need of him!
He is so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise Thee; all his lips had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.

Give him to me—he is not happy there!
He had not felt his life: his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast Thou an angel there to mother him?
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
If Thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hadst heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at Thy throne,
To threat and pray Thee that Thou hold them still
In memory of us

See Thou tend him well,
Thou God of all the mothers! If he lack
One of his kisses— Ah, my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in heaven? Give him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief,
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.
Thou art wise, I know, and tender, aye, and good.
Thou hast my child and he is safe in Thee,
And I believe—

Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,
So little and alone! He knows not Thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back!

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

MY MOTHER

THE sweetest face in all the world to me,
Set in a frame of shining silver hair,
With eyes whose language is fidelity:
This is my mother. Is she not most fair?

Ten little heads have found their sweetest rest
Upon the pillow of her loving breast:
The world is wide; yet nowhere does it keep
So safe a haven, so secure a rest.

'Tis counted something great to be a queen,
And bend a kingdom to a woman's will.
To be a mother such as mine, I ween,
Is something better and more noble still.

O mother! in the changeful years now flown,
Since, as a child, I leant upon your knee,
Life has not brought to me, nor fortune shown,
Such tender love! such yearning sympathy!

Let fortune smile or frown, which e'er she will;
It matters not, I scorn her fickle ways!
I never shall be quite bereft until
I lose my mother's honest blame and praise!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

NOT OF HERSELF

IT was not of herself she was thinking
In the hush of the twilight dim,
When the stars came out in the heavens,
And the thrush sang a vesper hymn,
Not of herself, but of others,
Of the mother at rest above,
And the children left so lonely,
So beggared for mother-love.
So, saint by her name is standing
On the book the angel writes,
Saint of the cheerful spirit,
Saint of the days and nights;
She shall sit in heavenly places
And have her heart's desire;
She, of the brave evangel,
She, of the vestal fire.

RADIANT MOTHERHOOD.

MOTHERHOOD

To know the wee one love-born of my flesh—
To know the near and mystic dream of birth;
To marvel at the strange unfathomed hour
That gave to me a being of this earth
To hear and hold and claim beyond all other—
This—this alone is not the all of "mother."

To crush a fragrant rose-mouth to my own;
To brood above and glory in the light
Of baby orbs that soon my visage learn;
To know such joy and sacredness of right;
To hold this charge a dearer than all other—
This—even this is not the depth of "mother."

To guide the cooing infant into Life;
To lead the way with prayer upon my lip;
To nobly teach what only worth should know;
To stand nor suffer e'er my feet to slip;
To live—and die, if need be, for that other—
This—this in truth it is to be a mother.

MAUDE DE VERSE NEWTON.

UNFORGOTTEN

I was looking in the attic for the children's winter clothes,
For their overcoats and mittens, and their little woolen hose,
When, moved by tender mem'ries of one for years at rest,
I lifted up the cover of an old black chest.

It was there I kept mementos of the time of long ago,
When I, a child, was shielded from wintry wind and snow;
And, taking out the treasure I prized above them all,
I laid my head a moment on a brown plaid shawl.

Then I understood the recompense that's coming from above,
If I shall so surround my own with all a mother's love,
That just to look at what I've worn will quickly dim the eye
When years have rolled between us since the last good-by.

PITTSBURG CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

BROTHER'S PANTS

NOW the evening lamp is lit;
Now the busy day is done;
'Round the table now we sit,
Study hour has just begun!
Mama, with her gentle smile,
Sits just where the lamp light slants
Helping us,—but all the while
Mending holes in brother's pants.

Now the study hour is past;
School books all are put away;
Story hour has come at last,—
Sweetest hour of all the day!
Mama, in her easy chair,
Near her window full of plants,
Tells us stories sweet and rare,—
Mending still on brother's pants.

Story hour has sped away;
Bed time now is very near,
And we hear our mother say:
"Soon the sand man will appear!"
So we take the good-night kiss
That the smiling mother grants,
Leaving her, in midnight bliss,
Mending holes in brother's pants.

In the land beyond the sky
We shall find, I almost know,
Those delights which you and I
Loved most fondly here below!
So, in dreams, I seem to see
Mama, singing heavenly chants,
Fondly, through eternity,
Mending holes in brother's pants.

CHAS. F. HARDY.

A MOTHER'S OWN NEEDS

"WHAT is home without a mother?" Mothers ought to take time for a just appreciation of their own value—that a home needs more than a good cook and general housekeeper; it needs the true mother-spirit brooding over it to make it a place of real rest and comfort.

Mother, learn to save yourself. Look in your mirror at the lines growing so deep between your eyes. Listen to the sharp tones of your own voice as your scolding makes your home-folks glad to leave you as soon as supper is over.

You are not "real mean," as your boys think. You are simply trying to accomplish more than God ever expected of you.

Just stop and think. Which is more important? A circle of happy faces around the evening lamp, or that John should have that little rent in his coat mended immediately? Put away the sewing till to-morrow, and show the children pictures and tell them stories instead.

Which is better? A cocoanut pie for dinner, or a plain lunch eaten under the peach trees in the yard? Don't bake such things at all in hot weather. Keep yourself cool, and your family healthier on fresh fruits and vegetables.

As soon as you feel the least bit tired, drop the broom, even in the middle of the floor, and darken the room. Then stretch yourself out on the sofa, let every muscle become limp as a rag, shut your eyes, and don't keep planning out your next job. Stay there five, ten, fifteen minutes, even if you cannot sleep—you will feel like a new woman when you do pick up that broom.

Have you just come home from shopping? That is harder than housework. Be sure to rest awhile, and if you like tea, drink a good, hot cup and eat a bite before you think about getting to work again.

Perhaps your heart is more weary than your body. Perhaps it is one member of your family with the unlucky gift of always saying the wrong thing.

Do not let one cross word bring on another. Leave him to his own ill-temper, and go apart, for a half-hour with your own favorite magazine, your music, or your

flowers. When the cloud begins to pass, read over your most comforting Bible verses, hum your favorite hymn, and ask the Father in Heaven for wisdom to walk softly on to victory over temptation. Remember that—

"One with God is always a majority."

G. E. Reilly.

MY LITTLE LAD WHO DIED

I heard their prayers and kissed their sleepy eyes,
And tucked them in all warm from feet to head,
To wake again with morning's glad sunrise,—
Then came where he lay dead.
On cold, still mouth I laid my lips. Asleep
He lay, to wake the other side God's door;
My other children mine to love and keep,
But this one mine no more.

Those other children long to men have grown,—
Strange, hurried men who give me passing thought,
Then go their ways, no longer now my own,
Without me they have wrought.
So when night comes, and seeking mother's knee,
Tired childish feet turn home at even-tide,
I fold him close,—the child that's left to me,
My little lad who died.

Irene Fosler Brown.

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TO MY MOTHER

MY little baby lies along my arm;
And looking at her there, the glad tears press,
And, like a tidal wave of tenderness,
The years of love since I lay cradled so—
Unfathomed love enfolding me from harm—
Return and flood my life. For now I know.

By Ann Devoore.

TO MY ABSENT SON

WHEN dawn unlocks the portals
Of the doorway of my eyes,
When consciousness ascends her throne
My spirit to you flies.
I steal into your chamber,
And softly kiss your brow,
And I am there beside you, darling,
Though I cannot tell you how.

And when the hour of noonday
Is over all the land,
When homeward wend the toilers,
A weary, hungry band,
I am with you then, my darling,
I stand beside your chair,
And lay my hand in blessing
On your brow, to me, so fair.

And when the twilight deepens
At the setting of the sun,
And alone at your desk you linger
When the long day's work is done,
I am then beside you, darling,
Your loving arms I feel,
Your kiss upon my forehead,
As beside your chair I kneel.

And in the silent watches
Of the dark and sleepless night,
When slumber's pall is o'er you,
And gone is mortal sight,
Beside your bed, my darling,
My spirit lingers oft,
As in the nights of childhood
I came with footsteps soft.

EMMA S. PAIGE.

Is it a hard thing to require of the mother that she shall devote herself so closely to her child? Let her remember that motherhood is her business now! She has had her school life, she has had society, she has had literature, she has had wifehood; now she is a mother, pledged by the sacredness and the infinite import of this new calling to self-abnegation, to the highest good of the child to whom she stands as creator and provider.

ELIZABETH POWELL BOND.

WOMAN loves a baby in its most fragile intensity of helplessness. Man pities it. Woman watches with delight as thought and feeling dawn over the tiny features, like the first light in a summer-morning sky. Man loves it as he discounts merchantable paper,—for preciousness that is to be. Woman loves it for what it is, even if there were no future to look forward to. Man has to reason his love out. Woman can not give a reason for hers.

J. C. FERNALD.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE

THE bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with a cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there was the battle-field.

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh, these battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With a splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

DOES MA WISH SHE WAS PA

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
Sez pa, one winter's night;
"I'd go down south an' stay a while,
Where days are warm an' bright."
He set an' watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful daze),
Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots
An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil,"
Sez pa; "I wouldn't do a thing."
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!)
Fetched cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea,
Then pa—set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire,"
Sez pa; "I'd have a snap."
Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore:
Pa—at his evenin' nap!
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung come dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat,
Then darned four pairs o' socks;
Pa woke, an' sez, "It's time for bed;
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

EXCHANGE.

Whilst there is no proper government in a household unless the "No" is final, because it is final it should be most carefully considered before it is spoken. Trivial as the matter may seem to you, it is often of momentous importance to the little one who is waiting your decision; and if, realizing this, after the denial has been given you yield the point, you weaken your authority, and the quickwitted boy soon learns that mother can be teased into acquiescence with his wishes.

ALIX.

WHEN MY MOTHER TUCKED ME IN

OH, the quaint and curious carving
On the posts of that old bed!
There were long-beaked, queer old griffins
Wearing crowns upon their head;
And they fiercely looked down on me
With a cold, sardonic grin;
I was not afraid of griffins
When my mother tucked me in.

What cared I for dismal shadows
Shifting up and down the floor,
Or the bleak and grewsome wind gusts
Beating 'gainst the close-shut door,
Or the rattling of the windows,
All the outside noise and din?
I was safe and warm and happy
When my mother tucked me in.

Sweet and soft her gentle fingers,
As they touched my sunburnt face;
Sweet to me the wafted odor
That enwrapped her dainty lace;
Then a pat or two at parting,
And a good-night kiss between;
All my troubles were forgotten
When my mother tucked me in.

Now the stricken years have borne me
Far away from love and home;
Ah! no mother leans above me
In the nights that go and come.
But it gives me peace and comfort,
When my heart is sore within,
Just to lie right still and, dreaming,
Think my mother tucked me in.

O the gentle, gentle breathing
To her dear hearts' softer beat,
And the quiet, quiet moving
Of her soft-shod, willing feet!
And, Time, one boon I ask thee,
Whatso e'er may be my sin,
When I'm dying let me see her
As she used to tuck me in.

BETTY GARLAND.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

IF you've a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You've put off day by day;
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown;
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all your own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait.
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent—
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

The child's first ideas of prayer come to him when an infant, by the mother's kneeling beside the crib in silent prayer; her bowed head and kneeling body tell of submission to and reverence for a power greater than herself; her tone of voice when she speaks of sacred things is far more effectual with the little listener than the words she says. Soft, low, sacred music, some beautiful picture of a sad-faced, Madonna-like mother watching over her sleeping child, flood his little soul with reverence. FROEBEL.

MY WISH FOR MY BABY

desire for my baby neither great beauty nor great wealth nor fame, nor anything to mar her happiness. But give her a contented spirit, ministering hands, and willing feet, that her presence may radiate joy wherever she may be. May she care nothing for society, but may she love her neighbor as herself. Let her motto through life be, Noblesse oblige. May she never know ambition, nor seek to explore life's mountain tops or steeps, either through curiosity or great yearning, but may her little feet tread tranquilly life's common way. May she be cursed with neither brilliance nor wit, but give her a sense of humor, a tender tact, a gracious presence, and only sufficient beauty to make her face lovely to her friends. May the public pass her by in utter ignorance and never know of the existence of my little maid. May she never seek her own, but let her always minister to others without thought of reward. Thus give her happiness in great measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, and as her crowning glory may she know the supreme joy of a great and selfless love.

LILLIAN BELL.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

HER, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows,
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue,)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings:
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and bliss for bliss impart:
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

DOCTOR MOTHER

A little wound, a little ache,
A little blistered thumb to take
With touch of love and make it well—
These things require a mother's spell.
Ah, sweet the progress of the skill
That science brings unto the ill!
Vast range of methods new and fine;
But when our little ones repine,
The mother is the very best
Of doctors into service prest!

Sunshine and air and mother's spell
Of helping little lads get well,
And helping little lasses, too—
Here are three remedies that do
So much more, often, than the grave,
Skilled hands that try so hard to save.
For Doctor Mother, don't you know,
Gives something more than skill—gives so
Much of herself; gives, oh, so much
Of love's sweet alchemy of touch!

Upon a little wardroom bed
A little curl-encircled head,
A little slender hand and pale,
A little lonesome, home-sick wail:
Loved nursing, best of skill and care;
But, oh, behold the wonder there
When Doctor Mother, bearing sun
From where the wilding roses run,
Leans down, with hungering love and kiss—
There is no medicine like this!

In a little child-heart's hour of woe,
Pain, ache or life-wound's throb and throe,
The Doctor Mother knows so well
The weaving of love's wonder-spell—
Just what the little heart requires,
Just how to cool the fever fires;
Just how much tenderness and cheer
Will calm the little doubt and fear.
How much of gentleness will ease—
Alone she knows such arts as these!

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

DID HE THINK OF HER

DID he think of her when he struck the blow—
Of her who sits where the light is dim?
Of her who, crushed by unending woe,
Would willingly give her soul for him?
His victim fell and was freed from care
And ceased to suffer and ceased to moan,
But She lives on to remain aware
That his blow fell not on the dead alone.

Did he think of her when he raised his glass—
Of her who weeps through the lonely night?
Of her who prays as the moments pass
And trembles as one who was haunted might?
Did he pause to think, ere his lips were pressed
On the tainted mouth and the painted cheek,
Of her who rocked him upon her breast
When his heart was pure and his hands were weak?

O, he pities her now! He has time at last
To give her a thought—but she weeps away!
Her heart is crushed and her joys are past,
Her hopes were slain where his victim lay,
And, whether the law is to be denied
Or whether if punishment shall be felt,
Her soul has already been crucified—
Her breast was struck by the blow he dealt.

S. E. KISER.

SONNET TO MY MOTHER

AND can'st thou, Mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his high sphere should sink
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

MY WIFE AND CHILD

THE tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies;
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, Oh, dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blest—
Of thee and him—our baby son—
Who slumbers on thy gentle breast.
God of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest.

And hover gently, hover near,
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have freshly met
Two streams of love so deep and clear
And clear her drooping spirits yet.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day—by night—in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes, beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God! protect my wife and child!

Now, while she kneels before Thy Throne,
Oh, teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That, while by Thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall or rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies!

That Thou can'st stay the ruthless hands
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stern command
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain—
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly prest,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening current of her breast,
No frowning look nor angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

GENERAL HENRY R. JACKSON.

EVER should the mother, through that foolish desire to keep her child as long as possible dependent upon her, or that worse pride which would show itself to be self-sufficient, refuse the proffered help of her child. If she is doing something, in which, from the nature of things, he can not share, let her be careful to substitute some other loving service while declining the one proffered, remembering that love, turned away, nourishes selfishness, and proffered help refused begets idleness. She may have to say, "No, dear, you can not help to dress the baby;" but she can add, "you may hand mamma the clothes."

ELIZABETH HARRISON.

A father may turn his back on a child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands; but a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

You must see things in moral perspective in order to train character on large and noble lines. And it is from the rough quarry of the outside world, with its suffering and sin, that you must fetch the most precious stones for the building up of true manhood or womanhood. The sooner children are taught that their small concerns must be subordinated at times to the needs of the sick, the poor, and the suffering, the better for them. For a mother, therefore, to undertake some outside work may and will prove the best element in their education, enabling them in their turn to live in relation with the world in which God has placed them and do their part in the service of humanity.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

"IS THAT MOTHER?"

IS that mother bending o'er me,
As she sings my cradle hymn
Kneeling there in tears before me?
See? my sight is growing dim.

Comes she from the old home lowly,
Out among the Northern hills,
To her young boy dying slowly
Of war's battle-wounds and ills?

Mother! oh, we bravely battled—
Battled till the day was done;
While the leaden hail-storm rattled—
Man to man and gun to gun.

But we failed—and I'm dying—
Dying in my boyhood's years,
There—no weeping—self-denying,
Noble deaths demand no tears.

Fold your arms again around me;
Press again my aching head;
Sing the lullaby you sang me—
Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead.

ANON.

A Union soldier, only 16 years old, fatally wounded at Fredericksburg, in the delirium of death, mistaking a nurse for the mother, inspired a bystander to write the above.—THE COMPILER.

THE BLESSED BARREN

SOMETIMES her arm will bend as if to hold
A little head against an eager breast;
Her eyes are deep with dream, when she is old
How might her children seek her face for rest.

Her head, it leans so slightly to the side,
As if to hear a cricket in the path,
A heart so full of white content could hide
A bruised name within the peace it hath.

But she will go her silver, lonely way
Toward heaven, where is neither man nor wife;
There God shall bring her little ones and say:
Their mothers grasped, and held, the fire of life.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

Courteous permission of Lippincott's Magazine.

MOTHER

ROCK-A-BYE baby lie close on my arm,
Jesus will guard thee and keep thee from harm.
Rock-a-bye dearest, wee one of His flock
Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye, rock.

Sang the young mother, her babe at her breast,
Soothing and lulling her dear one to rest,
Tired, so tired, this mother to-night,
Responding to duties from earliest light.
All the day long she had bravely worked on,
Hoping for rest when the day might be gone,
Now as the light sinks its rays in the West
She murmurs a plea, that her babe may be blest,
And the years of its future, to Him may belong,
Her song is a prayer, and her prayer is a song.

Over the mother's head, years roll their round,
Each day bringing forward the cares it has found,
Duties are many and hours are too few
To plan and complete all the things she must do,
The morning hours trespass the claims of the noon
While shadows soon lengthen, and night comes too soon.
No burdens so heavy, no trials so strong
But "Mother" will lift them, and bear them along.
The path of uprightness she steadfastly treads,
And the "mantle of charity" constantly spreads.

Neglected, forgotten, she's lying alone,
Feeble and suffering, each breath is a moan,
No dear one is near her, to hold her old hand,
Her mind dimly wand'ring, she nears spirit land.
When hark! she is crooning the old lullabye,
From tremulous lips comes the fond Rock-a-bye,

"Rock-a-bye baby lie close on my arm
Jesus will guard thee and keep thee from harm,
Rock-a-bye baby"—The spirit had fled
With "Rock-a-bye baby"—the mother was dead.

GEORGIA MCCOY.

Copyrighted April, 1909, by Sam. F. Woolard.

O MOTHER LOVE

O Mother-love! love that no one ever forgets!
Wonderful bread, that God divides and multiplies!
Table always spread beside the paternal hearth!
Each one has his part of it, and each one has it all!

VICTOR HUGO.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise
With his rosy cheeks and merry blue eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Bags and buttons and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care—not much, I mean—
If a fellow's face is not quite clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee,
She can put in a patch you'd never see!

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
And only sorry, if you are bad;
And I'll tell you this, if you are only true,
She'll always forgive you, whatever you do.

"A fellow's mean who would never try
To keep the tear from her loving eye,
And the fellow's worse who sees it not
That his mother's the truest friend he's got!"

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OLD MOTHERS

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is a something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.
Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

CHARLES S. ROSS.

Copyrighted 1907, by the Century Co.

THE Lord could not be everywhere, so He made mothers.

JEWISH RABBI.

Love droops, youth fades, the leaves of friendship fall; a mother's secret hope out-lives them all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"It is told that Darwin said to a mother who questioned him as to when she should begin the education of her child, then two and a half years old, 'Madam, you have already lost two and a half years.' "

The happiest women, like the happiest nations have no history. GEORGE ELIOT.

NOBODY KNOWS

NOBODY knows the work it takes,
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—mother's love;
Nobody can but mother.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THE IMPOSSIBLE

O, I wish I were an artist, inspirition in my brush,
And I wish I had the rose-tint of a Southern morning's blush
For my color, and the redness of the sunset for my red,
And for blue the sky's own blueness as it arches overhead,
And the yellow of the sunshine to spread daringly and bold
On my canvas, till my picture would be yellower than gold;
Then, with all my colors waiting, with my canvas stretched and clean,
I'd fill in the grandest picture that the world had ever seen.

I would take the sweetest blueness I could pilfer from the skies,
And would mix it full of sunshine for a laughing pair of eyes.
I would snatch the pink of morning from the highest mountain peaks,
With two daring little dimples, and would fashion it for cheeks;
And would take the brightest scarlet that the sunset's arrows tips,
And would mix a laugh in with it and would form a pair of lips,
And would take the softest yellow that the sun has ever spread,
And would twist it into ringlets for a little baby's head.

Then the world should see a baby sitting happy on the floor,
With a little bunch of playthings scattered just inside the door,
And above it a young mother with the lovelight in her eyes,
And—but what's the use of dreaming! never on the seas or skies
Has there ever been the brightness that could limn the mother-look,
One might almost paint the music of the singing, tinkling brook,

One might almost paint the sweetness of the mocking
bird's glad song,
But the mother-look—no color in the world could hold
it long!

I am glad I am no artist with the blueness of the sky,
With a tube of every color, I would try and try and try
For the thing most worth the painting, till my spirit
should grow faint,
Till I sat all gray and wrinkled 'midst my twisted tubes
of paint,
Trying, trying, trying, trying, for the look that only
lies,
When her baby looks up smiling, in a youthful mother's
eyes.
Better be one of the common, plodding herd who toil
for gain
Than a genius, striving ever for what no man might
attain.

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

MOTHERHOOD

I hold within my arms to-day
A priceless bit of mortal clay,
Divinely fashioned, and so fair,
The angels well may kinship share.

My soul with gratitude is filled,
My heart with mother love is thrilled,
My eyes brim o'er with new-born joy,
While gazing on my cherub boy.

O precious one! through tears I see
A mighty task awaiting me.
My happy sky grows overcast,
Life's duties loom so grand, so vast.

To shield from wrong, to right incline,
This little life now linked to mine—
Divine the gift. Oh, may the mould
A heart of truth and honor hold!

Help me, kind Heaven, to know the way
From out the tangle of each day,
To guide him safe to manhood's prime,
And all the glory shall be Thine.

M. E. PIATT.

MOTHER'S HAIRPIN

THE doorbell broke the other day,
Pop couldn't make it ring,
Said he: "I'll have to get a man
To fix the blamed old thing."
My mother said: "Oh, don't do that,
Think what you'd have to pay,"
And then she took a hairpin out
And fixed it right away.

We lost the backdoor key last week,
'Twas when the door was locked;
Pop fumed around and said things till
The neighbors were all shocked;
Then Mom she got a hairpin out
An' poked, an' pretty quick
She had the bolt turned in the lock,
The hairpin did the trick.

There's nothin' much that Mom can't do
With hairpins, seems as like.
One day she'll fix Pop's busted watch,
An' next 'twill be my bike:
If we was poor I'll bet that she
Could make hard luck take wings
By goin' round the city with
A hairpin, fixin' things.

BIDE DUDLEY.

Courteous permission of The Denver Post.

TO MY SON

DO you know that your soul is of my soul, such part,
That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember the world will be quick with its blame,
If shadow or stain ever darken your name,
"Like mother like son" is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of "Mother" by you.

Be yours then the task, if task it shall be,
To force the proud world to do homage to me,
Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won,
She reaped as she sowed, "Lo! this is her Son."

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

IT is not the childless woman who has mastered man, but it is the mother, the one who has fulfilled her duty. Such women who fulfill their mission are those who reign over reigning men; those who prepare new generations of men and form public opinion; and, therefore, in the hands of these women lies the highest power of men's salvation from the threatening evils of our times. Yes, women, mothers, in your hands, more than in those of any others, lies the salvation of the world!

TOLSTOI.

A thoughtful woman once said, "I wonder that any woman dares to become a mother, that she dares to think that her child will thank her for the gift of life." It is a fearful responsibility, indeed, to create another being, who must accept life with all its limitations and possibilities, its weeping and its gladness, its failures and its successes. The woman may well pause where "angels would fear to tread!" To dwell upon the responsibility alone would preclude motherhood. But since she is appointed by the Lord to stand in His creative place, this crushing sense of responsibility, and love, hope, and faith find fruition in her child.

ELIZABETH POWERS BOND.

The longing for sympathy is one of the strongest instincts of the human nature. It halves the sorrows of a child and doubles its joys. There are many parents who give love to their children, where there is one who gives sympathy. Sympathy with a child does not mean that you are to try lifting the child up to your plane of observation, but that you are to adjust yourself to his, and see things as he sees them, instead of from your grown-up altitude. There is no stronger bond of union between a parent and a child! no other ground upon which they can come so closely together, and the child be helped by the parent's superior strength. Wherever else sympathy may be an acquired habit, surely between a mother and her child there ought to be the tenderest and deepest sympathy.

M. E. P.

TO MY MOTHER

WHEN sunlight glinted on my hair,
And roses blossomed on my mouth,
And every breath of life I drew
Was sweet as spice-breath from the South;
If ever childish grieving came
Sweet transient joys to smother,
My "Balm of Gilead" came to me
In thy sweet kisses, mother.

Thy circling arms were ever fond,
And faithful was thy love
As steadfast stars in upper blue
Through silent spaces move.
And though I other home-ties had
In father, sister, brother,
No earthly bond was half so sweet,
As that to thee, my mother.

So on through all the checkered days
That go to count a life,
Through all the smiles and all the tears
Of maiden and of wife,
I've found one unstained Altar-stone,
And bow before the shrine
That holds my life's love consecrate
To thee—sweet mother-mine!

Pray God our life-lines ne'er will part,
Whate'er the years may bring,
Of grief, of joy, of blooms or smiles,
Fair winds and winged things;
Down to the shadows of the grave
Still bound to one another,
Pray God, we step by step may go
Just thou and I, my mother!

NELLIE MARSHALL MCAFEE.

Words are inadequate to express the strong consolation which the baby brings its mother in moments of perplexity, of weariness, or temptation. To turn from the cares which burden, or the sad thoughts which depress, to take the little one in her arms, to feel the soft pressure of baby lips upon her breast, the clinging of baby fingers around her own, is an unspeakable refreshment, a joy in which a stranger intermeddleth not.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child:
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow;
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
"O God!" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child."

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

At dawn a traveller passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold and hard and pale.
He moved the robe from off the child,—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled!

SEBA SMITH.

Sleep visits not my eyelids; yet I rest
In a content more deep than any sleep;
Nay, wrapt in joy my vigil here I keep,
With trembling hands clasped to my eager breast.

For one I love, after long hours of pain,
Sleeps near me now; think you that I could sleep,
Though needless now the vigil that I keep,
With the dread lifted from my heart and brain?

Think you that I would sleep? would be beguiled,
Cheated, of this my joy? Nay, let me fast
From sleep for long, glad hours, to hear at last
The low, soft breathing of my ailing child.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER

I rise in the dawn, and I wind and blow
Till the seeds of the fire flicker and glow,
And then I must scrub, and bake, and sweep,
Till the stars are beginning to blink and peep;
But the young lay long, and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons, the blue and the red,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh if the wind but lift up a tress;
While I must work, because I am old
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

E. D. Cavjon

A man's mother determines what rank he shall take as a husband, to what class he shall belong. She it is, who, in his boy-hood, trains him in the practice of little observances, little amenities, little courtesies that make the world beautiful. After all, most of our happiness depends on the way we use the little things that lie in our path."

AN ECHO OF THE YEARS

"ROCK of Ages cleft for me—"
Mother sang it long ago,
Sang it low and soothingly,
Rocking in the afterglow.
Sang it to me as I slept
In my snowy trundle-bed,
As the lengthening shadows crept
Eerie-like about her head.

"Let me hide myself in Thee—"
Still I hear it echo there,
As she sang it o'er to me,
From her swaying rocking-chair;
And I am a boy again,
As so sweetly back along
Distant years, I catch the strain
Of that old familiar song.

"Other refuge have I none—"
Often in the long, long years
I have missed the touch of one
Who could sooth my doubts and fears.
One to whom I used to go
With each boyish grief and care.
Sometimes in the afterglow,
I catch glimpses of her there.

"Rock of Ages—" and I feel
Mother's arms about me pressed,
As to her embrace I'd steal
To be rocked away to rest.
Dreamy-like once more I hear
Softly, gently, soothingly,
That faint echo in my ear:
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

THE MOTHER-TONE

NEVER a song that the breeze whispers low,
Never a measure the bugles may blow,
Like the lilt and the croon
Of the old-fashioned tune
That babes in the arms of their glad mothers know.

Never an anthem that goes to the throne
Where angel hosts sing and trumpets are blown,
Like the low note and clear
That falls on the ear
Of the baby in arms—like the dear mother-tone.

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

MOTHER

NOT learned save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise.
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood.

TENNYSON.

WOMAN AND MOTHER

WE have but glimpsed a moment in her face,
The glory she will give the human race,
The strong heoric spirit knit beyond
All in duration of the diamond.
She is the natural bringer from above;
The earthly mirror of immortal love,
The chosen mouthpiece for the mystic word
Of life divine, to speak through and be heard,
With human voice that makes its heavenward call,
Not in one virgin Motherhood, but all.

GERALD MASSEY.

THIS germ of love, trust, and gratitude soon develops. The child knows his mother's step; he smiles at her shadow; he loves whatever is like her; a creature of the same appearance as his mother is, in his eyes, a good creature. Those whom his mother loves, he loves; those whom she kisses, he kisses. This smile at the likeness of his mother is a smile at humanity, and the seed of brotherly love, the love of his fellow-men, is sown. PESTALOZZI.

"When a praying mother's bedtime comes her heart will question many, many things: Has this day been full of joy? Have I helped each heart to open wider? Have I inspired each one to better things? Have I for one moment dared to be weary? Can I love those I call mine better to-morrow than I loved them today? Is there any joy anywhere that is still undiscovered to me and my house?—then I must find it in the sweet to-morrow."

A Mother's Ideals ANDREA HOFFER PROUDFOOT.
A. Flanagan Co.

Human nature never comes so near the divine as when a royal woman pours out the full flood of her thought, and fancy, and love to the little unheeding, and to her as yet useless child. Where else is she so beautiful as when she sits in the center of this mystic circle, as when she sings to her babe or gazes silently as it feeds upon her bosom? The stars have nothing so bright, and the heavens scarcely anything more pure and more lovely, than the heavenly love service of a mother to her little one, helpless and unfashioned.

Look for one single moment upon the power of the cradle, for all this love and outflowing of the divinest feeling of human nature was not meant to be expended merely as a luxury for the maternal bosom—there is meaning in it. It is one of the sources of the greatest power that exists on earth. The power of the cradle is greater than the power of the throne, greater than royalty in its diffusion and in its capacity of usefulness—ten thousand times greater. Make me monarch of the cradles, and I will give to whosoever will the monarchy of the kingdoms and of the throne.

BEECHER.

ON RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE

OH that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To queen it) here shines on me still the same.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A MOTHER'S TEMPTATION

HOW can a mother's heart feel cold and weary
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark and dreary
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied:
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust that little angel's hand aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother-love,—we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never
With such a stake in Heaven, fail or fall.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

UNMOTHERED

OUT in the wide world, where the tempests beat,
And hurtling hail falls on the stony street;
Or in the wilderness, dismayed, alone,
There may be one whose little heart makes moan,
Unmothered in this place that is so cold,
A poor lost lamb, that hath no sheltering fold.

Perchance, some angel, bending, says to thee,
Thy hands are empty, rise and come with me,
Take thou this labor: 'tis a task divine,
But Heaven hath not this day ordained it mine.
Be thou Earth's angel! Clasp the little one
Close to thy breast; learn peace through duty done.

ANON.

A MOTHER-SONG

MOTHER, O mother! forever I cry for you,
Sing the old song I may never forget;
Even in slumber I murmur and sigh for you,—
Mother, O mother,
Sing low "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O Mother! the years are so lonely,
Filled but with weariness, doubt and regret!
Can't you come back to me—for to-night only,
Mother, my mother,
And sing, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! of old I had never
One wish denied me, nor trouble to fret;
Now—must I cry out all vainly forever,—
Mother, sweet mother,
O sing, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

Mother, O mother! must longing and sorrow
Leave me in darkness, with eyes ever wet,
And never the hope of a meeting to-morrow?
Answer me, mother,
And sing, "Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Rhymes of Childhood; The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A HAND THE ANGELS WORSHIP

YOU may kiss the hand of the baby,
A rose-leaf crumpled and sweet,
You may bend the knee to the princess,
Saluting her hand, 'tis meet,
But the hand I kiss is paler;
It has borne the burden and heat.

'Tis the tired hand of the mother,
Toiling since earliest morn,
The hand that rocked the cradle,
The hand of its softness shorn;
A hand the angels worship,
For all it is thin and worn.

UNKNOWN.

MOTHER'S WAY

OFT within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done;
Should you wonder at this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its doors of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary
Or our task seems very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

ANONYMOUS.

When a child can be brought to tears, not from fear of punishment, but from repentance of his offence, he needs no chastisement,—when the tears begin to flow from grief at one's conduct, be sure there is an angel nestling in the bosom.

A. MANN.

KISSED HIS MOTHER

SHE sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
When, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it,
That, God grant, the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing,
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As the sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts,
Since the time the earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

MOTHER'S ALMANAC

I tell you when it comes to dates,
My mother's just the boss!
She tells me all I want to know
'Thout ever gettin' cross.

You'd think she'd get mixed up sometimes;
At school I know I do—
'Bout Washington and Plymouth Rock,
And 1492.

But mother says: "The war with Spain
Was fought in '98,
The year you all had chicken pox,
Exceptin' Sister Kate.

"The Boer war in Africa—
That was a dreadful thing—
Began in '99, I know,
For Jack was born that spring.

"In '98 the Spanish ships
Were sunk in Cuba channels,
'Twas summer, for you children had
Just changed your winter flannels.

"In 1904, my dear,
The Russians fought the Japs,
That year was very cold, and you
Had chilblains and the chaps."

There's six of us, and we're mixed up
With hist'ry just that way.
Sometimes it's measles, croup, or mumps,
But there's no date that ever stumps
My mother, night or day.

MAY KELLEY.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

Remember that nothing so wins the confidence of the young as the consciousness of being appreciated. And of this matter of confidence, how often mothers and teachers ask: "How can I win the confidence of this or that child?" Surely not by soliciting it, still more surely not by reproaches. There is a want of dignity in soliciting it, perhaps too a failing to maintain the position of superiority and authority given by God to "the powers that be." Then, too, there is in human nature an unconscious withholding of what is sought, and vice versa.

ROSE PORTER.

THE heyday of youth has passed; and with it have been separated the closer ties that bound me to my mother. Yet the chain of affection has been but loosened; not a link of it has been broken. When the wild war of passion rages, the memory of her love comes like magic over my soul, and, like "oil on the troubled waters," calms it to a peaceful and quiet rest. Oh, my mother! may he who has felt love like thine never know love from any, if he once forgets thee. And may the rich blessings of heaven descend on thee, as thou hast often prayed for them to come upon thy child!

FIELDS.

There is something inexpressibly sweet and sacred about the preparations that an expectant mother makes for the little one whose coming into the world is heralded with such loving anticipations. The dainty garments, fashioned with such care, the soft cradle, wherein the little one shall nestle, the room prepared for it—all are made ready with tender forethought. When all has been done that love can prompt, there is a soft solemn hush of expectancy while one stands in the presence of these preparations for the coming little life. Who will disallow the love which has thus tenderly forestalled every need? The mother's love is born with this preparation for the little one.

ANON.

The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was a creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for souls by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. She has always been, and always will be, my ideal of a wife, mother, homemaker.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight.
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap,—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shown
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long,
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

EARTH'S GREATEST CHARMS

GOD made the streams that gurgle down the purple
mountain side;
He made the gorgeous coloring with which the sunset's
dyed.
He made the hills and covered them with glory; and
He made
The sparkle on the dewdrops and the flecks of light
and shade.
Then, knowing all earth needed was a climax for her
charms,
He made a little woman with a baby in her arms.

He made the arching rainbow that is thrown across the
sky;
He made the blessed flowers that nod and smile as we
go by;
He made the gladsome beauty as she bows with queenly
grace;
But, sweetest of them all, He made the love-light in the
face
That bends above a baby, warding off the world's
alarms—
That dainty little woman with her baby in her arms.

A soft pink wrap, embellished with a vine in silken
thread;
A filmy snow-white cap upon a downy little head;
A dress, 'twould make the winter drift look dusty by its
side;
Two cheeks, with pure rose-petal tint, two blue eyes
wonder-wide;
And, bending o'er, that mother face imbued with
heaven's own charms—
God bless the little woman with her baby in her arms!

From Songs of Motherhood
of Elizabeth Johnson Huckel.

MOTHERS RULE THE WORLD

MAN'S beneficient possession of the awe-inspiring and humanizing civilization of this most marvelous century; his ennobling and beautifully idealistic conception of God, his broadening and refining influence for good through his loftier, nobler, and more altruistic belief in the Brotherhood of Man, his love of home and country with all its mighty and magic devotion for patriotism and liberty are but the illimitable and happy result of the affectionate yet forceful lessons of right-acting and right-living taught him by his fondly loving, kindly sympathetic and devoted mother: she whose unselfish efforts, whose unending and tireless struggles; that Mother whose one and only heart's desire is to elevate her child to that pinnacle of unselfishness, that station of superior manhood whereby he might become of service to God and his fellow-man—

God bless our dear, sweet, and soul-inspiring Mothers, whose divinely-human disinterestedness and love have given us our Glorious Nation.

HENRY WALLENSTEIN.

MOTHERS

MOTHERS are the queerest things!
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried
When they said good-by that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John come back again
On a furlough, safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out!

EDWIN L. SABIN.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

THE woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last one came of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across, if you wish to go."
Her aged hands on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old, and poor, and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever so poor, and old, and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was—"God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy!"

UNIDENTIFIED.

WITH LOVE—FROM MOTHER

THERE'S a letter on the bottom of the pile,
Its envelope a faded yellow brown,
It has traveled to the city many a mile,
And the postmark names a little unknown town.

But the hurried man of business pushes all the others by,
And on the scrawly characters he turns a glistening eye,
He forgets the cares of commerce and his anxious schemes for gain
The while he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

There are quirks and scratchy quavers of the pen
Where it struggled in the fingers old and bent.
There are places that he has to read again
And ponder on to find what mother meant.

There are letters on his table that enclose some bouncing checks
There are letters giving promises of profits on his "specs."
But he tosses all the litter by, forgets the golden rain,
Until he reads what mother writes from up in Maine.

At last he finds "with love—we all are well,"
And softly lays the homely letter down,
And dashes at his headlong tasks pellmell,
Once more the busy, anxious man of town.

But whenever in his duties as the rushing moments fly
That faded little envelope smiles up to meet his eye,
He turns again to labor with a stronger, truer brain,
From thinking on what mother wrote from up in Maine.

Through all the day he dictates brisk replies,
To his amanuensis at his side,—
The curt and stern demand, and business lies,—
The doubting man cajoled, and threat defied.

And then at dusk when all are gone he drops his worldly mask
And takes his pen and lovingly performs a welcome task;
For never shall the clicking type or shortened scrawl profane
The message to the dear old home up there in Maine.

HOLMAN F. DAY.

think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall, occasionally, be visited on the children, as well as the sins of the fathers.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The positive method of training builds up cheering, optimistic character, which is so much needed. Who are the man and woman that are lifting the world upward and onward? Are they not those who encourage more than they criticise? Who do more than they undo? The strongest, most beautiful characters are those who see the good that is in each person, who think the best that is possible of every one, who as soon as they form a new acquaintance see his finest characteristics.

ELIZABETH HARRISON.

"We are to-day what we are because our past has been what it was; what we will be in the future depends upon what we now are." Nor is this all. We are now, by our voluntary choosing of this or that line of conduct, forming character and creating spiritual tendencies which shall be transmitted to our descendants; thus we are linked not alone with the past, but with the future. Is not this thought an inspiring one to every mother? By every weakness which she helps her child to overcome, by every inspiration which she fans into flame, is she upbuilding not only her child's character, but is benefiting all after generations.

ELIZABETH HARRISON.

Parents should bear this in mind, that children lose respect very soon upon hearing them disagree, using bitter, cutting words to each other. This is inflicting the first actual pain these baby hearts have been called upon to bear. The child experiences conflicting emotions, which end in pity for one parent and contempt for the other. O parent, pause; consider before you lose this hold on the little being who has heretofore considered you perfect! Let there be unanimity of purpose in act, word, and deed, before these little creatures, who are susceptible to every new impression, if you would preserve their love and respect.

ANON.

A MAN'S MOTHER

MAN, if you have an old mother, be good to her. Tell her that you love her. Kiss the faded old lips. Hold in yours the work-knotted old hands. Scatter a few of the flowers of tenderness and appreciation in her pathway while she is still alive and can be made happy by them.

Don't wait to put all of your affection and gratitude and reverence for her into a costly ton of marble inscribed "Mother."

Don't wait to throw all of your boquets on her grave. It's mighty doubtful whether an angel in heaven takes any interest in cemeteries or gets any satisfaction from revisiting earth and contemplating a flattering tombstone; but it is utterly, certainly certain that you can make your old mother's heart sing for joy by showing her, while she is alive, just one tithe of the love and appreciation that you will heap upon her when she is dead.

These words are written for some one particular man who reads this page. I do not know his name, but I know his story.

He is a middle-aged man, married, prosperous. He is a good man, highly respected, and he hasn't an idea but what he is doing his full duty by his poor old mother who lives in his home and whom he supports. He supplies her wants. She eats at his table, is sheltered by his roof, is warmed by his fire, is decently clothed by his hands; but that is all.

He neglects her.

He never says a word of affection to her.

He never pays her any little attentions.

When she ventures an opinion, he cuts it short with curt contempt.

When she tells her garrulous old stories, as old people will, he does not even try to conceal how much he is bored.

In a thousand unintentional ways the old mother is made to feel that she is a cumberer of the ground, an impediment in the household, an old-fashioned and useless piece of furniture of which every one will be glad to be rid of.

Under this coldness and neglect the poor old mother's heart is breaking, and in a letter, written in a trembling

and feeble handwriting, she asks me if I cannot say something that her son will read, and that may make him think.

Ah, if I only could!

If I could only say to him, "Man, man, give love as well as duty to your mother. Give her the wine of life as well as the bread. Don't forget the woman who never forgets you."

Of course the man will say, and truly, that he is busy, over-worked, care-burdened; that he has the claims of wife and children upon him; that he is often irritable through sheer physical weariness and over-strain.

Granted. But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not the eight- or ten-hour day of the union, but the twenty-four-hour day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime, and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph.

She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on.

She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked.

She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed by your clothes before your fellows.

Stop, man, and think what life would have been to you if she had treated you in your childhood as you are treating her in old age!

Suppose there had been no warm, caressing mother's love?

Suppose there had been no soft breast on which you could weep out your childish sorrows, no clinging arms to enfold you and comfort you when the things of your little world went wrong?

Would it not take away from the memory of all that is best and sweetest in life? Is there anything else so pitiful on earth as the little child that is motherless—that is an alien in a strange home—that has no one to love it?

Yes, there is just one other figure more forlorn than the little unloved child, and that is the old mother who is unloved by the children she raised and who is doomed to spend the last years of her life in a glacial atmosphere of neglect, her devotion, her labors, her sacrifice forgotten.

Remember them now while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all, but pay down something on account this very night.

Go home and put your arm around the shrunken old figure. Kiss the drooping old mouth with a real, live, warm kiss instead of giving her a perfunctory peck on the cheek. Tell her that she is the greatest mother a man ever had, and that all you are she made you.

It will cause her very soul to leap with joy, and life itself swim in a rosy mist of bliss.

PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN.

YES, wimmin folks is all alike,—
By Lizzie you can jedge the rest;
There never wuz a little tyke,
But that his mother loved him best.

And nex' to bein' what I be,—
The husband uv my gentle bride,—
I'd wisht I wuz that croodlin' wee,
With Lizzie wonderin' ef I cried.

EUGENE FIELD.

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AFTERWHILE

AFTERWHILE we have in view
The old Home to journey to;
Where the Mother is, and where
Her sweet welcome waits us there,
How we'll click the latch that locks
In the pinks and hollyhocks,
And leap up the path once more
Where she waits us at the door,
How we'll greet the dear old smile
And the warm tears afterwhile.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Courtesy of
The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"AFTER a long and beautiful life, when she was sitting in sunshine, calm and sweet, at eighty-seven years of age, the Mother of Frances Willard, said to one who asked what she would have done differently as a Mother if she had her life to live over again, 'I should blame less and praise more.' "

THE VINE ON THE SPOUT

DEEP in the heart of the city,
She washes and irons all day;
Her tired old hands are shaky and thin,
And her hair, once yellow, is gray.
She stands near a window to labor,
And every few moments looks out
And murmurs, "You're mine" to the small sickly vine
That's climbing the old water spout.

She waters it well in the twilight,
And tenderly touches the leaves
And they nod in the zephyrs that sometimes get lost
So far from the grass and the trees,
She knows every tendril it carries,
Each bud is a care, without doubt,
For she loves—with a love that is sent from above—
That vine on the old water spout.

She is wrinkled and ragged and tired,
Her children have left her, I know,
To fight the battle of life once again—
She fought it for them long ago,
Friendless, alone, uncherished,
Her mother love will not die out,
So she croons an old tune all the long afternoon
To the vine on the old water spout.

It may be the world doesn't need her,
It may be the world doesn't care
For the old lonely soul whose eyes are so dim,
Whose voice is as thin as her hair,
It may be the world has forgotten—
And yet I haven't a doubt
God planted that seed—for He saw there was need
For the vine on the old water spout.

CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL TRIBUNE.

THE MOTHER'S JOY IN BEHOLDING HER CHILD

WHO can tell the mother's meaning,
When above the cradle leaning,
Where her baby lies,
She with it holds sweet communing,
Broken words, or wordless crooning
For her need suffice;
But within them, self-surrender,
High endeavor, patience tender,
Live as prophecies.

THE MOTHER OBSERVING THE DEVELOPMENT OF HER CHILD

AS the mother hour by hour
Feels her child's awakening power,
Earnestly she prays
That the God of love will fold it
In His sheltering arms, and hold it
Ever in His ways.

But she knows that she is sent
To fulfill His love's intent
Towards her little one;
And she quickens each endeavor,
For his love and care are ever
Working through her own.

THE MOTHER TALKING TO HER CHILD

THE mother who is true to her sweet trust,
Feels herself richer every day,
Not only as a mother must—
Owning her babe—but in a way
Untellable to those who know it not,
And which, once known, can never be forgot!

With each caress, each care, each merry play,
Her own soul deepens for God's love;
And as the sun with fervent ray
Draws each small flower to look above,
She draws her child's soul forth to meet her own,
And learns that love, in earth and heaven, is one.

Reprinted from Blow's Mottoes and Commentaries of Freidrich Froebel's Mother Play.
Copyrighted 1895 by D. Appleton & Co.

YOUR baby boy claims eagerly your evening and morning kiss,—let him never grow too old for it. Let the bearded lips seek yours with the same sense of privilege as in the days of childhood; and when life sweeps him from your side, and miles of distance may separate you, his heart will seek hungrily for the love that has never failed him, and, in his loneliness, the comforter will bring to him the tender message, "God is love," and he will be able to comprehend its meaning, since she to whom he was committed in his helpless infancy has been to him God's interpreter.

ANON.

MOTHER'S VACANT CHAIR

I go a little farther on in the old house, and I find mother's chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved, but there was music in its sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Oh, what a chair that was. It was different from father's chair—it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell, but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair! In the sick day of children other chairs could not keep awake—it kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies, and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their children. Songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or garret, but it holds a queenly power yet.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

MOTHER BELIEVED IN HIM

TIME-Worn, weather-beaten, with dim, bleared eyes,
His face like a map of the Country of Sin:
Knowing no hope and winning no prize,
Callous without and hardened within—
Room for him still on the great highway!
Comrade of shame and companion of woe;
Look where he staggers and softly say:
"A mother believed in him long ago."

A wee little babe, on her bosom he lay,
And gently she chanted an old, sweet song:
"Hushaby, lullaby, ever, alway,
His white angels guard thee from error and wrong."
And his lips were pure as a thought of God,
And his eyes were bright, that are heavy and dim,
As the sleep-angels bore him, o'er field untrod,
There where the twilight was singing its hymn.

Time-worn, weather-beaten—and yet she dreamed,
With love in her eyes, as a mother must;
And she saw where the sunlight over him streamed,
And the prayer in her heart was the prayer of trust.
A mother believed in him, long ago—
This is his passport to heights of peace,
Where we walk no more with error and woe,
And the pain and the travail forever cease.

Only a wreck, 'mid the wrecks of men,
Crushed in the battle; lost, forlorn,
Staggering on, through mire and fen,
Yet to Hope's heritage he was born.
Make room for him, then, on the great highway!
Whither 'twill lead him we may not know,
Out of the maze of doubt and dismay,
Since his mother believed in him, long ago.

ALFERD J. WATERHOUSE.

BEING A MOTHER

I thought a child was given to sanctify
A woman,—set her in the sight of all
The clear-eyed heavens, a chosen Minister
To do their business, and lead spirits up
The difficult blue heights. A woman lives
Not bettered, quickened toward the truth and good
Through being a mother?—then she's none.

ELIZABETH BROWNING.

"MOTHER HAS HAD HER DAY"

IF mother would listen to me, dears,
She would freshen the faded gown;
She would sometimes take an hour's rest,
And sometimes a trip to town.
And it shouldn't be all for the children,
The fun, and the cheer, and the play;
With the patient droop on the tired mouth,
And the "Mother has had her day!"

True, mother has had her day, dears,
When you were her babies three,
And she stepped about the farm and the house
As busy as ever a bee;
When she rocked you all to sleep, dears,
And sent you all to school,
And wore herself out, and did without,
And lived by the Golden Rule.

And so your turn has come, dears;
Her hair is growing white,
And her eyes are gaining the far-away look
That peers beyond the night.
One of these days in the morning
Mother will not be here;
She will fade away into silence,
The mother so true and dear.

Then, what will you do in the daylight,
And what in the gloaming dim;
And father, tired and lonesome then,
Pray, what will you do for him?
If you want to keep your mother,
You must make her rest to-day;
Must give her a share in the frolic,
And draw her into play.

MAGARET E. SANGSTER.

The mother is wise, who, in the training of her child, will take the pains to convince it of the justice and the farseeing wisdom of her decisions for it; for she thus not only teaches it the art of self-government, and awakens a loyal trust that her affection seeks only its good, but makes it possible for it to look up with a changeless confidence to that other love, of which the human love is typical, and acquiesce with a child-like faith in the higher Wisdom that directs its life.

ALIX.

THE FAREWELL

Of a Virginia slave mother to her daughters sold into southern bondage.

GONE, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
Where the noisome insect stings,
Where the fever demon strews
Poison with the falling dews,
Where the sickly sunbeams glare
Through the hot and misty air;

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

There no mother's eye is near them,
There no mother's ear can hear them;
Never, when the torturing lash
Seams their back with many a gash,
Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
Or a mother's arms caress them.

O, when weary, sad, and slow,
From the fields at night they go,
Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
To their cheerless homes again,
There no brother's voice shall greet them;
There no father's welcome meet them.

From the tree whose shadow lay
On their childhood's place of play;
From the cool spring where they drank;
Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank;
From the solemn house of prayer,
And the holy counsels there;
Toiling through the weary day,
And at night the spoiler's prey.
Oh, that they had earlier died,
Sleeping calmly, side by side,
Where the tyrant's power is o'er,
And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp dank and lone.

By the holy love He beareth;
By the bruised reed He spareth;
Oh, may He, to whom alone
All their cruel wrongs are known,
Still their hope and refuge prove,
With a more than mother's love.

Gone, gone,—sold and gone,
To the rice-swamps dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

E. L. DAVISON

MOTHER'S FACE

THERE'S a feelin' comes across me—
Comes across me often now—
An' it deepest seems when trouble
Lays her finger on my brow;
Oh, it is a deep, deep feelin',
Neither happiness nor pain!
'Tis a mighty, soulful longin'
To see mother's face again!

'Tis, I s'pose, a nat'ral feelin':
Wust of me, I can't control
Myself no more! It seems to stir
An' thrill my very soul!
Try to laugh it off—but useless!
Gee! my tears will fall like rain
When I git this soulful longin'
Jes' to see her face again!

You won't know how much you love her
(Your old mother) till you roam
'Way off where her voice can't reach you,
An' with strangers make your home;
Then you'll know how big your heart is—
Think you never loved before
When you git this mighty longin'
Jes' to see her face once more.

Mother! Tender, lovin' soul!
Heaven bless her dear old face!
I'd give half my years remainin'
Jes' to give her one embrace;
Or to shower love warm kisses
On her lips, an' cheeks, an' brow,
An' appease this mighty longin'
That I git so often now!

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

NOT long, alas! Not long; the mother-heart
Knows well how quickly she will have to part
With all this wonder; she who tries each art
To lure him on; the first to coax and praise
Each added grace; then first in sore amaze
To mourn that he has lost his baby ways!

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

IN MEMORIAM

MOTHER! We have all known her. Not all of us in the same person, but the same glory frames each separate face in the aureole of its own Divinity.

And whether it be MY mother or YOURS now crossing into "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," we bow our heads in reverent silence, while the passing cortege bears the sacred dust to its present rest, and our hearts swell with sympathy and a new sense of fellowship for all who have followed a like procession, and suffered a like sorrow.

CHARLES D. COBB.

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SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD

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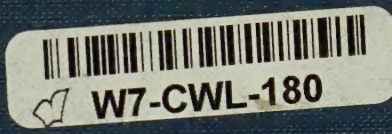
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